

EASTER FUN FOR EVERYONE!

BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle

13th APRIL, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD

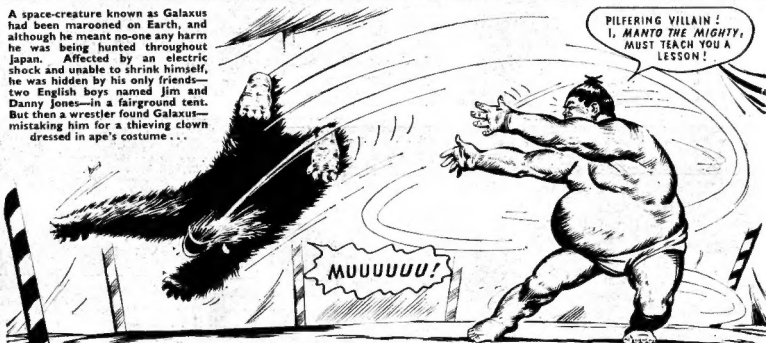


USING HIS GREAT WEIGHT TO FULL ADVANTAGE, THE SUMO WRESTLER GAVE GALAXUS NO RESPIRE!

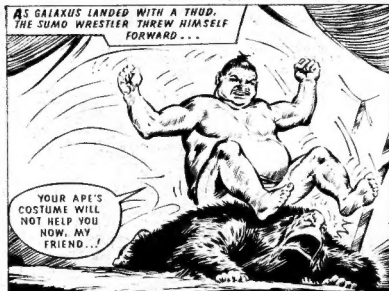
GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no-one any harm he was being hunted throughout Japan. Affected by an electric shock and unable to shrink himself, he was hidden by his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—in a fairground tent. But then a wrestler found Galaxus—mistaking him for a thieving clown dressed in ape's costume...



AS GALAXUS LANDED WITH A THUD, THE SUMO WRESTLER THREW HIMSELF FORWARD...



TAKE IT OFF AND REVEAL YOURSELF—!



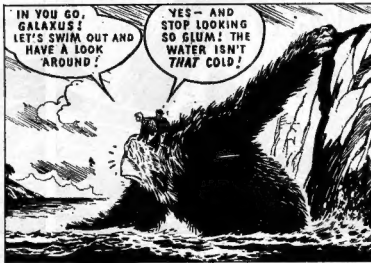
HIDDEN UNDER TARPAULINS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TENT, JIM AND DANNY JONES GASPED IN DISMAY...



STOP IT! THAT'S NO HUMAN YOU'RE HURTING!

BY SHINTO! WHAT?





SOON THE ROUGH SHELTER WAS COMPLETED— BUT THE WIND DREW STEADILY STRONGER...

I DON'T LIKE IT, JIM! IF YOU ASK ME, WE'RE IN FOR A TYPHOON!

YES, IT'S MORE THAN POSSIBLE! HIP OVER TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND COLLECT SOME DRY GRASS FOR OUR BEDS, GALAXUS!

HAPPILY, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE WANDERED OFF...

AND THEN SUDDENLY...

WAAAAUU!

NEVER HAVING SEEN A WILD BOAR BEFORE, AND NOT REALISING THAT IT COULD DO HIM NO HARM, GALAXUS STUMBLED BACKWARDS...

AND NEXT MOMENT...

MOOOOOW!

GALAXUS— HE'S IN TROUBLE! COME ON, DANNY, QUICKLY!

THE TWO BOYS RACED TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...

LOOK, THERE HE IS— IN THE SEA!

HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OVER THE CLIFF AND—! OH, NO!

FRANTICALLY, JIM POINTED TOWARDS THE STORM-TOSSED WAVES...

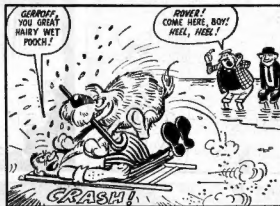
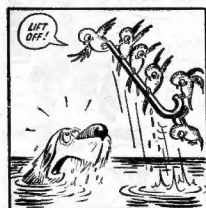
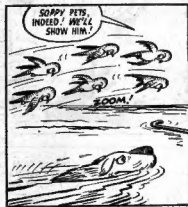
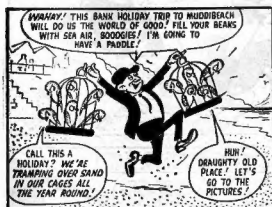
GALAXUS! HE'S TRAPPED IN A GIGANTIC WHIRLPOOL!

IS THERE NO ESCAPE FOR GALAXUS? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE—ON SALE SATURDAY, 13th APRIL!

THE BUDGIES OUTSMART A DOG OWNER . . . AND POOR FREDDY GETS HOUNDED!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



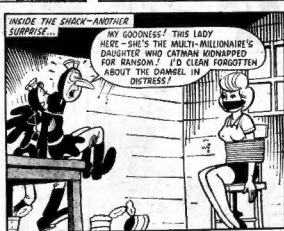
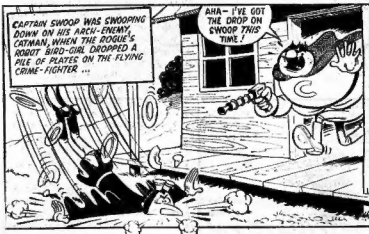
MORE LAUGHS WITH OUR BUDDY AND HIS BUDGIES IN SATURDAY'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

CATMAN'S INVENTION WORKED IN SWOOP'S FAVOUR... JUST FOR ONCE!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



THE FEATHERS COULD WELL FLY IN THE NEXT EPISODE! READ ON IN SATURDAY'S EDITION!

RALLY ROUND, MATES...

The week's prize

BIRTH DATES

6th February, 1955 26th August, 1956
29th October, 1958 17th May, 1959
5th June, 1957 30th December, 1960



BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB

HOPE all you lads and lasses in my Club have a smashing time this Easter, celebrating a few days' freedom from school! You can start the fun with a bang right now, 'cos I've got an armful of awards—for letter-writers, date-sporters and two new members whose photos are printed here—so read on, and see if you're a winner!

Buster

From you to me...

Bath member, Argo Craig, writes: "Last summer we went to Spain for three weeks. One day on the beach a Spanish fisherman came up and asked us if we wanted to buy some fish. Mother likes fish and eagerly bent down to look in his basket. Imagine her surprise when the man pulled out a huge, squirming octopus! She nearly jumped a mile!"

Here's another fishy story, this time from Grimsby: "My father works on a freighter," writes Lucy Koserski, "and every time he goes abroad he manages to bring me back a little souvenir. Last week, when he returned from shopping in town, I said, just for fun, 'And what did you bring me this time, Dad?' To my surprise he handed me a wrapped parcel. I quickly tore it open, hoping for a new toy and found—a package of frozen mackerel!"

TWO LEEDS LADS

This is Neil Coultas, who will be 12 in August. He thinks BUSTER is the greatest comic!



Introducing Derek Webster, also from Leeds, also 12 in August! He thinks BUSTER is smashing, too!



BOW HORSE JIG LOG BOAT MAT

List your six answers on the postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 18th April. Overseas members have until 8th August. Remember, you cannot win a Birth Date Award more than once!

Budgie Bites Buster!

SOME time ago a member wrote to say that his baby brother (aged one) likes my comic so much that he chews it! "Well, it must be catching," writes D. Lowe, from Workop, "because my pet budgie also eats it!"

★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

for these Two Powerful Picture-Story Westerns

MARKED MAN No. 47

With one shot he destroyed a legend, and set himself on the long road that could only end in the roar of a Colt. '45.

THE WARPATH No. 48

The Pawnees were a proud and savage race, and the sight of Yellow Hawk, their leader, brought fear to men's hearts...

WILD WEST PICTURE LIBRARY



Two all-action titles the first Monday of every month 1s 0d each (UK price only) from newsagents and booksellers everywhere

FISHBOY BRAVELY STOOD HIS GROUND... SEEKING SOME PROTECTION AGAINST THE SNAKES!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Baghdad, he took refuge in the cellar of a large house but found himself in terrible danger...

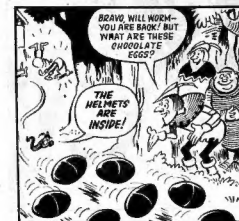
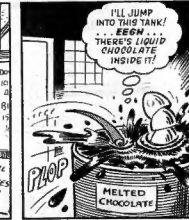
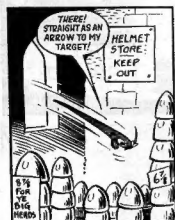




WILL THIS BE FISHBOY'S BIG CHANCE TO FIND HIS PARENTS? DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

BRAVE WILL WORM'S HAT TRICK ENJOYS SWEET SUCCESS!

Wonder Worm



BACK TO ROMAN TIMES WITH WONDER WORM IN THE NEXT ISSUE—ON SALE SATURDAY, 13th APRIL!

AGE-OLD CHARLIE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT TELEVISION—SO THERE WAS TROUBLE IN VIEW!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Charlie Peace, arch-criminal of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which had transported him forward to the present age. He found his old hide-out unaltered and decided to continue his career of crime. But the every-day events of 1968 baffled him...

PEACE VENTURED OUT ONE BRIGHT, SUNNY MONDAY...

WE'LL GO FOR A SPIN IN THE COUNTRY FIRST, KIDS... AND FINISH UP AT THE CAR—RODEO!

FUNNY, EVERYONE SEEMS TO 'AVE SCARPERED OFF ON AN OUTIN' TODAY!

A NOTICE ON THE DOOR OF A BANK CAUGHT CHARLIE'S EYE...



THE REAR WINDOW OF THE BANK GAVE PEACE NO TROUBLE...



CHARLIE SET TO WORK ON THE SAFE...



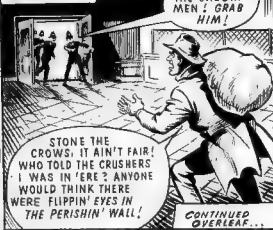
BUT THE 'PIPE' IN THE WALL WHICH THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN HAD USED AS A STEP WAS, IN FACT, THE LENS OF A CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION CAMERA!



SO CHARLIE HAD AN AUDIENCE, ALL RIGHT... IN THE NEARBY POLICE STATION, TO WHICH THE TV CAMERA WAS LINKED...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, PEACE HAD THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE...



THE ARCH-ROGUE ENJOYED A HAPPY LANDING... HE WAS SITTING PRETTY!

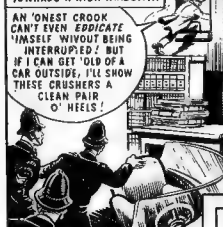
PEACE MADE A DASH FOR THE DOOR...



THE MASTER-CRIMINAL CLIMBED INTO THE CAR DRIVING SIMULATOR UNIT...



THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN SHIPPED UP A BOOKCASE TOWARDS A HIGH WINDOW...



BUT SUDDENLY...



AS IT HAPPENED, A CAR TRANSPORTER WAS PASSING BY AT THAT VITAL MOMENT...



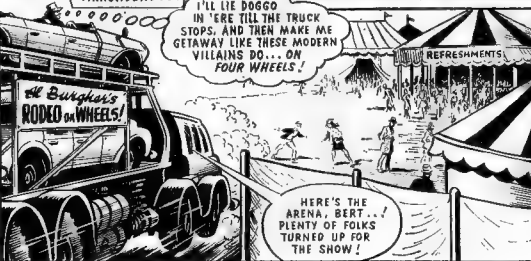
THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN FOUND HIMSELF IN A LARGE ROOM, AND A BROAD GRIN SPREAD OVER HIS FACE...



AS CHARLIE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE DRIVING SIMULATOR, HE SAW THAT HIS EYES HAD DECEIVED HIM...



THE TRANSPORTER EVENTUALLY TURNED INTO A FAIRGROUND...





THRILL TO ANOTHER EXCITING EXPLOIT OF THE MASTER-THIEF IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

CLARENCE RECEIVED A HAND-OUT... IN THE SHAPE OF A FORE-ARM SMASH!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack and Clarence Todworthy had been forced to take part in a tag-team contest. In place of some wrestlers Nutty had clobbered for stealing his money. Nutty and Clarence were under orders to lose the bout, because gang-boss Chick Kargo had put his money on their opponents, the Leopard-Men...

IN THE SECOND ROUND OF THE TAG-TEAM CONTEST, IT WAS CLARENCE TODWORTHY'S TURN TO FACE ONE OF THE LEOPARD-MEN.

GNAAAAAG!



CLARENCE TOPPLED FORWARD... STRAIGHT INTO A TREMENDOUS FORE-ARM SMASH!



NOV! FOUL, REF! THAT WAS TWO AGAINST ONE!

BEAUTIFUL SIDE-STEP! TODWORTHY'S DODGED HIM AGAIN! A PUFF OF WIND WOULD FLATTEN THE LIMY, BUT THE LEOPARD-MAN CAN'T LAY A CLAW ON HIM!

CLARENCE'S BRILLIANT EVASIVE TACTICS WERE NO CONSOLATION TO NUTTY....



IT'S JUST A WASTE OF TIME! CLARENCE KNOWS THAT HE'S GOT TO LOSE DURING THIS ROUND, OR CHICK KARGO'S MEN WILL PROBABLY START SHOOTING!

BUT IT WAS THE SECOND LEOPARD-MAN WHO STRUCK FIRST! TREACHEROUSLY, HE STRETCHED A HAND BETWEEN THE ROPES, AND...

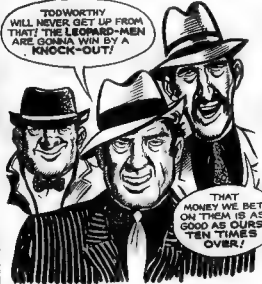
STAND STILL, BUD! ALL THAT DANCING AROUND IS MAKING MY BUDDY GIDDY!



AAAOWWWWG!

THE ODDS WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR CHICK KARGO AND HIS MEN...

TODWORTHY WILL NEVER GET UP FROM THAT! THE LEOPARD-MEN ARE GONNA WIN BY A KNOCK-OUT!



THAT MONEY WE BET ON THEM IS AS GOOD AS OURS... TEN TIMES OVER!

BUT EVEN AS THE REFEREE BEGAN TO COUNT CLARENCE OUT...

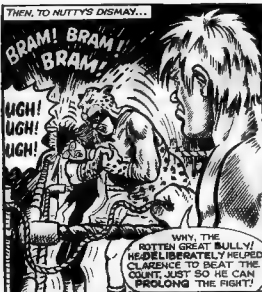


...FOUR, FIVE, SIX...

ON YOUR FEET, LIMY! I'M ONLY JUST BEGINNING TO WARM UP!

EEERRRK!

THEN, TO NUTTYS DISMAY...



UNDER THE RULES OF TAG-TEAM WRESTLING, A WRESTLER COULD CHANGE PLACES WITH HIS TEAM-MATE, IF HE FOUND HIMSELF IN TROUBLE...



IT WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE THE LEOPARD-MAN COULD HAVE MADE!



FLUMING, NUTTY HEAVED HIMSELF INTO THE RING...



BUT BEFORE NUTTY COULD CHARGE TO CLARENCE'S RESCUE...



AND THEN IT CAME... THE FAMOUS NUTTY SLACK COAL-DUMP THROW!



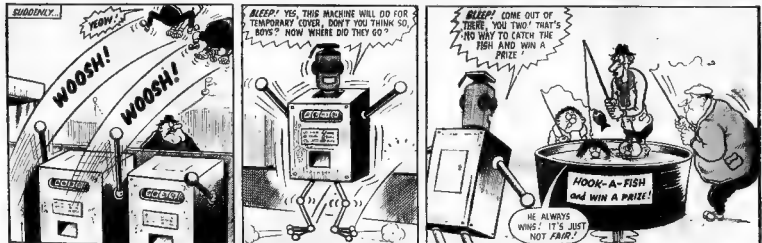
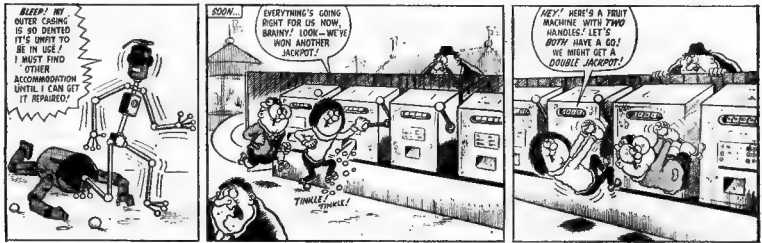
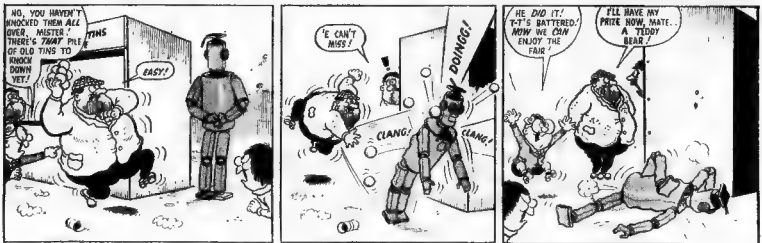
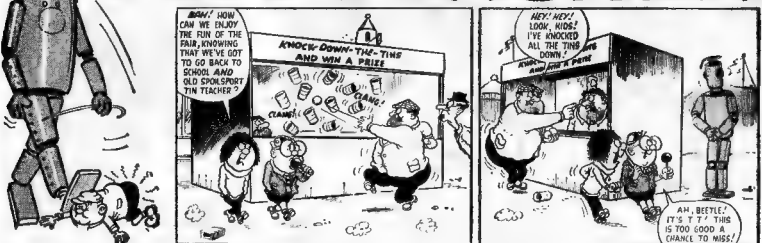
CLARENCE WAS RIGHT! FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AMIDST THE YELLING FANS AT THE RINGSIDE...



WILL NUTTY SOON BE DOWN AND OUT? SEE NEXT SATURDAY'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

THIS TALE HITS THE JACKPOT—AND THE BOYS CASH-IN ON A FRUIT MACHINE!

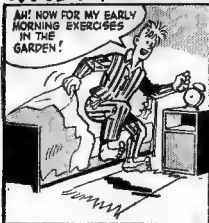
TIN TEACHER



ANOTHER LESSON IN LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE—ON SALE SATURDAY, 13th APRIL!

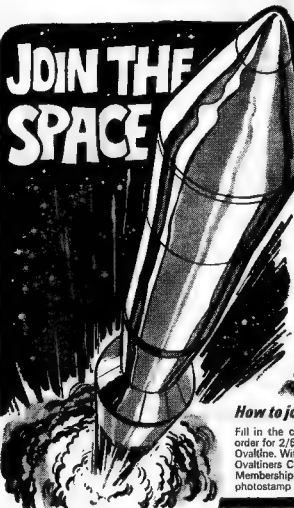
THE OUTLOOK'S NOT BRIGHT FOR FRED . . BUT HE'S STILL NOT TO BE "MIST" !

Keep Fit Fred...



MORE FUN WITH KEEP FIT FRED IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

JOIN THE SPACE OVALTINERS CLUB PAINTING COMPETITION



In 1970 a mighty Atlas Agena Rocket will blast off from Cape Kennedy. Destination: Mars! Mission: to transmit to Earth pictures of the mysterious Red Planet! What secrets will the cameras reveal? Is there life on Mars? Scientists say "No" but are they right? Will the cameras show that Mars is inhabited by strange beings or giant monsters? Questions which have puzzled man since 1877 when the Martian "canals" were first spotted. What secrets do you think Mars holds? Paint your idea of what the cameras will transmit back to Control Centre. Draw and paint what the first astronauts to land on Mars might see and meet. Send your entries to The Ovaltiners Club, Space Painting Competition, 99 Park Lane, London, W.1. Print your name, address and age clearly on the back of the painting. The Competition will be judged in four age groups: Under 4, 5 to 7, 8 to

11, 12 and over. Prizes will be awarded to the entries which in the opinion of the judges are considered best in each age group. Win these great prizes: a "Trusty" bicycle—first prize in each age group, £15 Premium Bond—second prize in each age group, £25 Premium Bond—third prize in each age group, 150 runners up will receive Revell model Apollo Space Craft Kits. Hurry to enter The Ovaltiners Club Space Painting Competition. Open only to Ovaltiners Club Members. Entries must be received by April 30th. Entries cannot be returned. Full rules of The Ovaltiners Club Space Painting Competition can be seen at Club Headquarters, 99, Park Lane, London, W. 1. A full list of winners will be available there for inspection. Have you joined The Ovaltiners Club yet? If not fill in the coupon now! Send it with your painting of Life on Mars.

How to join the Ovaltiners Club

Fill in the coupon and enclose a postal order for 2/6d. plus a label from any tin of Ovaltine. Within days you will receive The Ovaltiners Club Badge; Member's Wallet, Membership Card, details of the Ovaltiners photostamp offer.

To: The Ovaltiners Club, 99, Park Lane London, W.1
I wish to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6d postal order made out to "The Ovaltiners Club" plus an Ovaltine label. (Please write in CAPITAL letters.)

NAME _____ BUS 4

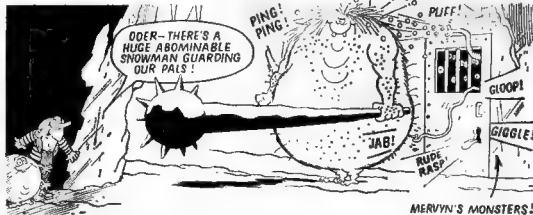
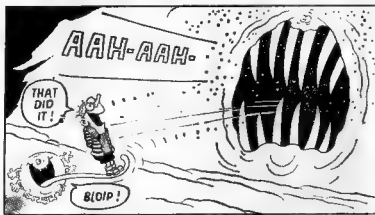
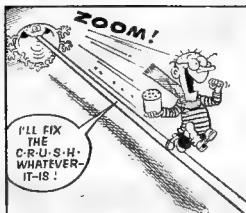
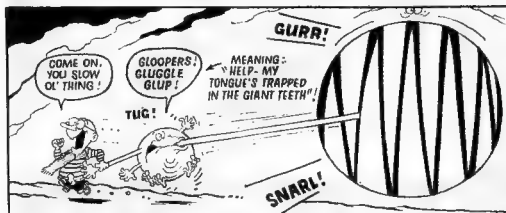
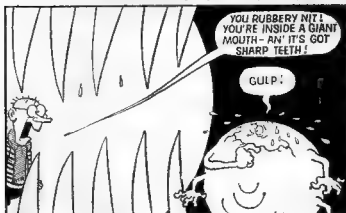
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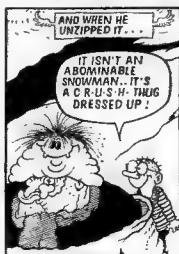
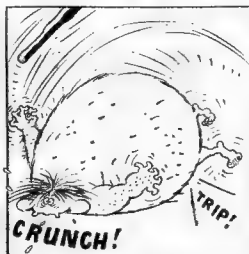
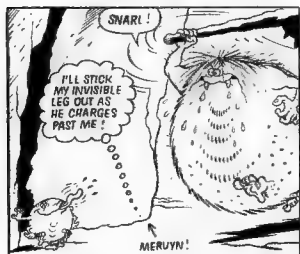
THE TOOTH—ER—TRUTH IS THAT SQUELCHY FINDS HIMSELF AT FULL STRETCH!

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Hoodlums and Saboteurs) had invented an invisibiliser liquid, and Mervyn and his monsters were trying to seize it. But only one of the boy's pals escaped capture—then he, too, stepped into trouble...



MERVYN'S MONSTERS!

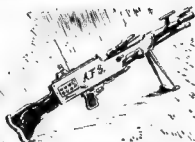


ARE THERE HARD TIMES AHEAD FOR OUR PAIR? MORE FUN IN THE NEXT NUMBER—ON SALE SATURDAY!

IN THE FACE OF DANGER, MICKY'S COURAGE HELPED SAVE INNOCENT LIVES!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could transform into a real weapon. A huge egg, sent from the Amazon by a friend of Micky's scientist father, hatched out into a baby prehistoric monster. It escaped into the village where the Marvels lived...



SOON, THEY REACHED A STRETCH OF CONCEALING SAND-DUNES...



BUT EVEN AS MICKY UTTERED THE CODE-WORDS THAT TRANSFORMED THE MULTI-GUN INTO A REAL WEAPON...



THE ALL-POWERFUL RAY FROM THE MULTI-GUN HAD AN AMAZING EFFECT ON THE CREATURE!

THE HOWLING MONSTER
HURLED ITSELF FORWARD...

WAAA-OOWWS!

...I'LL HAVE
TO RISK THE
SHRINKER-
RAY!



NEXT INSTANT...

IT...IT WORKED!
THE MONSTER'S
SHRINKING AWAY!
PHUNCKING AWAY!



AND BEFORE THE SQUEALING MIDGET
COULD LOSE ITSELF IN THE LONG
GRASS, BANJO POUNCED...

QUICK, BANJO -
FETCH IT, BOY!

SECONDS LATER, THE
RAY HAD REDUCED THE
MONSTER TO THE SIZE
OF A ROCK-LIZARD...

THERE IT GOES...
SCUTTLE TOWARD'S
THE DUNES!

WAAHRS!



HE'S GOT IT!
CAREFUL NOW,
BANJO! DON'T
HURT HIM...

HEEEK!



GENTLY, MICKY REMOVED
THE SHRUNKEN CREATURE
FROM UNDER THE
DOLMATIAN'S PAW...

ALL WE NEED NOW
IS SOMETHING TO
PUT HIM IN!

THAT
OLD BOTTLE
WILL DO...!



THAT'S IT!
NOW A TWIST OF
GRASS TO PLUG THE
BOTTLE- HECK,
AND LET THE AIR
THROUGH...



THEY WERE ONLY JUST IN TIME! FOR AS
DR. MARVEL SEALED THE BOTTLE AND
THRUST IT BEHIND HIS BACK, A VOICE
RANG OUT...

DOCTOR
MARVEL... MICKY!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHERE IS THE
MONSTER? ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

EE-JUST ABOUT...
THANKS TO MICKY'S
TOY GUN!



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

DR. MARVEL'S STORY WAS A CONVINCING ONE...



WE HIT IT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES WITH A PLASTIC TORPEDO! THE BRUTE WAS SO BEMILDERED, IT-ER- RUSHED STRAIGHT INTO THE SEA!

THANK GOODNESS! BUT...WHAT WAS IT? WHERE ON EARTH DID IT COME FROM...?

AS MORE VILLAGERS ARRIVED, THE MARVELS TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO TURN QUIETLY AWAY...



IT WOULD ONLY START A BIGGER PANIC IF I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, MICKY! BESIDES, WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO MRS. BRODIE!

GOSH, YES! SHE MUST HAVE HAD QUITE A SHOCK WHEN THE MONSTER APPEARED RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE!

BUT, AS THEY SOON DISCOVERED, THE DOUG SCOTTISH HOUSEKEEPER HAD RECOVERED FROM HER NERVE-RACKING EXPERIENCE.



...ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU DIDN'T TELL ANYONE THAT THE MONSTER CAME FROM HERE, MRS. BRODIE?

HUH-- AND WHAT CHANCE WOULD I HAVE FOR IDLE GOSSIP, AFTER WHAT IT DID TO MY WASHING?

JUST LOOK AT YU'RE BEST SUNDAY SHIRT, DOCTOR... AND MICKY'S NEW PYJAMAS - TORN TO SHERDS!



HMM! I'M-ER ... WORRY ABOUT THAT!

FORTUNATELY, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE NEEDING A BEST SUNDAY SHIRT FOR A LONG TIME! YOU'D BETTER START PACKING OUR TROPICAL KIT!



TROPICAL KIT? BUT WHY? WHERE ARE THE PAIR OF YOU OFF TO NOW?

MICKY FOLLOWED HIS FATHER INTO THEIR LABORATORY, AND LOCKED THE DOOR! HE WAS ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER HIS FATHER'S PLANS, TOO...



DAD, WHAT DID YOU MEAN? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO SOUTH AMERICA...THE AMAZON BASIN, MICKY! YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT THE GIANT EGG THIS SHIP CAME FROM, IS ONLY ONE OF SIX WHICH WERE FOUND BY FRANK RIESMAN...

HE MIGHT HAVE STORED THEM IN SOME WARM PLACE, WITHOUT REALISING WHAT THEY CONTAIN! IF SO, THERE'S A CHANCE THAT THE OTHER EGGS MIGHT HATCH OUT, TOO!



WE'VE GOT TO FIND FRANK, AND WRN HIM... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE... OR THERE'LL BE FIVE BABY PREHISTORIC MONSTERS RUNNING LOOSE IN SOUTH AMERICA!

JOURNEY INTO EXCITEMENT WITH THE MARVELS IN THE NEXT EDITION OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

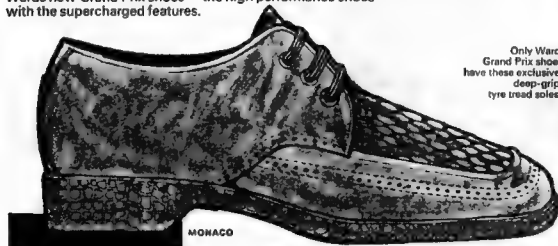
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Race off for yours today



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox flew to Italy with a vintage racing car which Brainbox had specially prepared. Sir Richard Standard was backing the Skid Kids to win against modern cars on a banked race track . . .

The SKID KIDS



THE PALS WERE SOON DRIVING AWAY FROM THE ITALIAN AIRPORT...



WE'LL SOON BE AT THE TRACK NOW! NOTHING LIKE FLYING TO GET YOU PLACES QUICKLY, PAL! THINK OF IT, WE WERE BACK IN ENGLAND JUST A FEW HOURS AGO!

WELL, I HOPE THIS CAR 'FLIES' TOO...SIR RICHARD HAS EVERY CONFIDENCE IN ITS CAPABILITIES...AND IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE TO LET HIM DOWN!

SIR RICHARD WAS WAITING FOR THEM AT THE MANDRA TRACK...



AH, THERE YOU ARE! IS THE CAR IN GOOD SHAPE, LADS?

TIP-TOP, SIR! BRAINBOX HAS WORKED HARD ON IT!

BETTER TRY A FEW LAPS AND GET USED TO THE TRACK, SIMON! IT'S THE BIG RACE TOMORROW, YOU KNOW!

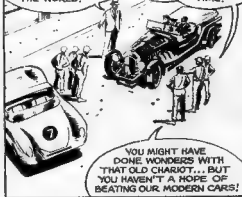
RIGHT, SIR!



FIRST, THE SKID KIDS WERE INTRODUCED TO THEIR RIVALS...

THESE ARE THE DRIVERS YOU'LL BE RACING AGAINST! SOME OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

HI, THERE... WE RECKON YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW THIS TIME!



YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE WONDERS WITH THAT OLD CHAQUOT... BUT YOU HAVEN'T A HOPE OF BEATING OUR MODERN CARS!

AS ONE OF THE OTHER CARS ROARED OFF ON A PRACTICE LAP, SIMON PREPARED FOR ACTION...

I'LL SEE IF I CAN CATCH HIM, BRAINBOX!



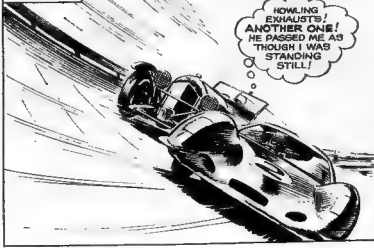
GOOD LUCK!

BUT ON THE BANKED TRACK...



CRUIKEY, I'M NOT GAINING AN INCH... IN FACT, HE'S PULLING AWAY!

AND THEN...



HOWLING EXHAUSTS! ANOTHER ONE! HE PASSED ME AS THOUGH I WAS STANDING STILL!

SIMON PULLED INTO THE PITS AFTER TEN LAPS...

WELL, HOW DID IT GO, SIMON?

TERRIBLE!
WE'VE GOT TROUBLE, BRAINBOX! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS MOTOR! IT'S SO SLOW, I'LL FINISH MILES BEHIND EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE RACE!

I'LL STRIP THE ENGINE DOWN! THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THE CAR'S POOR PERFORMANCE! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE HIGHER TEMPERATURE OUT HERE IN ITALY!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, PAL! I HOPE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING, OR SIR RICHARD IS GOING TO LOSE A LOT OF CASH!

BRAINBOX WORKED ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

IS IT FINISHED YET, BRAINBOX?

HUH! NO IT ISN'T! I'LL APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

PLEASE EXCUSE BRAINBOX, SIR RICHARD... HE GETS A LITTLE EDDY WHEN HE'S WORKING HARD!

FOUR HOURS LATER...

BRAINBOX MUST HAVE THE CAR READY BY NOW! THE RACE STARTS IN TWO HOURS' TIME!

I'LL GO AND SEE, SIR! I'M SURE HE IS DOING HIS VERY BEST...

MOMENTS LATER...

AH, THERE'S THE CAR! HE'S DONE IT! TAKE IT ON TO THE TRACK AT ONCE AND TRY A FEW FAST LAPS, SIMON!

WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO WITHOUT BRAINBOX KNOWING! I MEAN, THERE MAY BE A FEW THINGS HE WANTS TO TELL ME, SIR!

SIR RICHARD WAS ADAMANT...

WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE, LAD! BESIDES, YOUR FRIEND IS PROBABLY ASLEEP SOMEWHERE... HE'S BEEN UP ALL NIGHT, REMEMBER!

OKAY, SIR... I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

SIMON ACCELERATED AWAY FROM THE PITS...

AH, THAT'S BETTER! MY WORD, IT'S TWICE AS FAST AS BEFORE! BRAINBOX HAS DONE A GREAT JOB!

ON THE TRACK...

WHATEVER ADJUSTMENTS BRAINBOX HAS MADE, IT'S CERTAINLY MADE A VAST DIFFERENCE! FUNNY, THOUGH, IT SEEMS VERY HOT IN HERE - SMELLS OF BURNING...

BACK IN THE PITS...

AH, THERE YOU ARE, BRAINBOX! SIMON'S TESTING THE CAR! WENT OFF VERY FAST, TOO!

W-WHAT? OH, WHY DID YOU LET HIM TAKE THE CAR WITHOUT ASKING ME?

I HADN'T PUT ANY OIL IN THE ENGINE! IT'LL GET RED-HOT...AND BLOW UP!

IN THE NEXT EPISODE, BRAINBOX'S WORST FEARS ARE REALISED!

DEEP BENEATH LONDON STREETS, TERRIBLE DANGER THREATENED !

PERIL FROM BELOW

During oil drilling operations in the Welsh hills, led by Dr. Dick Rivers, huge creatures resembling giant wood lice emerged from the depths. After an escaped convict had been attacked, Dick and a girl pilot named Peggy Penfold found a small shrivelled up monster at his side. Meanwhile, the menace was moving East—under fire.

STREAKING THROUGH THE LOW CLOUD THAT BLANKETED THE BLEAK DEVONSHIRE MOORLAND, THE LIGHTNING PILOTS BLASTED CANNON SHELLS INTO THE BIG HERD OF CREATURES SCUTTLING BELOW. . .

THAT'S PUT PAID TO A FEW MORE OF THEM !

AND ON SUNLESS SALISBURY PLAIN THE TANKS FOUGHT A RUNNING BATTLE WITH ANOTHER LARGE SWARM. . .

WE'VE GOT 'EM LICKED AT LAST ! WE'RE DRIVING THEM BACK !

THAT EVENING TRAVELLERS ON THE CROWDED LONDON UNDERGROUND READ OF THE STEMMING OF THE TIDE OF TERROR IN THE EVENING PAPERS. . .

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN !

BUT FOR THE QUICK REACTION OF THE MOTORMAN, THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT WORSE. . .

MORALE WAS BOOSTED ON THAT CROWDED TRAIN, UNTIL. . .

WHAT THE. . . ?

WHAT'S HAPPENING ?

THE TUNNEL'S CAVED IN !

MEANWHILE, JUST UP THE LINE, LONDONERS SAW FOR THE FIRST TIME ONE OF THE MONSTERS THAT WAS TERRORISING THE WEST. . .

WAY OUT
— TO STREET

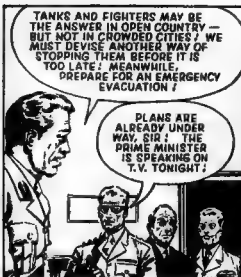
FRANCE



IN WHITEHALL AN EMERGENCY MEETING WAS CALLED AT ONCE.

GENTLEMEN: THE MENACE HAS REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON.

JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE'D GOT THEM LICKED!



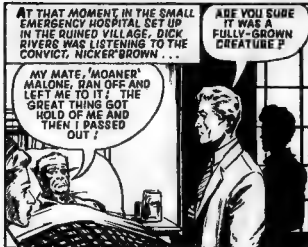
TANKS AND FIGHTERS MAY BE THE ANSWER IN OPEN COUNTRY — BUT NOT IN CROWDED CITIES! WE MUST DEVISE ANOTHER WAY OF STOPPING THEM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. MEANWHILE, PREPARE FOR AN EMERGENCY EVACUATION!

PLANS ARE ALREADY UNDER WAY, SIR! THE PRIME MINISTER IS SPEAKING ON T.V. TONIGHT!



BY THE WAY, ANY NEWS FROM RIVERS? WE'D BETTER GET HIM BACK HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

WE'VE NOTHING FROM HIM YET, SIR! WE FEAR HE'S DRAWN A BLANK AT LOGUM BASSETT!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE SMALL EMERGENCY HOSPITAL SET UP IN THE RUINED VILLAGE, DICK RIVERS WAS LISTENING TO THE CONVICT, NICKER BROWN...

ARE YOU SURE IT WAS A FULLY-GROWN CREATURE?

MY MATE, 'MOANER' MALONE, RAN OFF AND LET ME TO IT! THE GREAT THING GOT HOLD OF ME AND THEN I PASSED OUT!



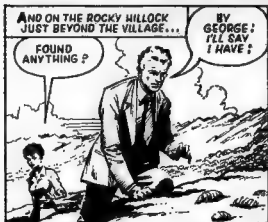
THE CONVICT WAS SURE THAT IT HAD BEEN...

YET THE SHRIVELLED UP CREATURE NEAR HIM WAS SMALL! WHAT A PITY IT WAS CLOUDY EXCEPT FOR THE BREAK WE CAME THROUGH!



SUDDENLY DICK RIVERS HURRIED OUT THE HALL...

BY GLORY! IT WAS WHEN THE SUN CAME OUT THAT THE LIGHTNING PILOTS SAID THOSE OTHER CREATURES VANISHED! LET'S GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!



AND ON THE ROCKY HILLOCK JUST BEYOND THE VILLAGE...

FOUND ANYTHING?

BY GEORGE! I'LL SAY I HAVE!



I BELIEVE I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING BIG! THE RAYS FROM THE SUN HAVE GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS, I'M SURE! GET ME BACK TO LONDON AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN, MISS!



YOU MEAN THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS OF THE SUN KILLS THEM?

SO IT WOULD SEEM! MAYBE THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THEM ONLY APPEARING AT NIGHT, AND IN CLOUDY WEATHER! IF ONLY I KNEW FOR SURE!

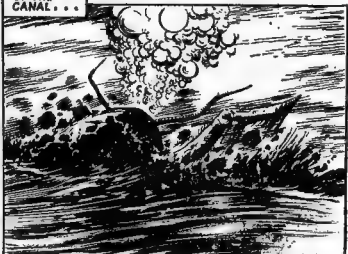


MEANWHILE, WITH THE SUN STILL WARM, TWO ANGLERS CAST THEIR LINES INTO A CANAL JUST WEST OF LONDON, AS A START TO AN EVENING'S FISHING...

HERE WE GO! ANOTHER WASTED EVENING! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE BOTHER TO COME HERE!

ME, NEITHER! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE!

BUT NOT FAR AWAY, ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL...



WILL THE FISHERMEN FALL FOUL OF THE GIANT MENACE? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
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A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

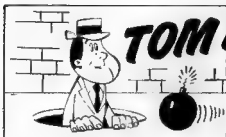
(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

- 1)
 - 2)
 - 3)
- If I win, the gift I choose is:

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.





TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

Tom's Holiday Adventure

TOM ARTO was feeling in need of a holiday; he had been working hard getting himself and other people out of trouble and he was tired out. He had performed many amazing feats, but now he wanted to put his feet up and have a rest.

He decided to go off the beaten track, to find a track of his own and beat it as quickly as possible.

Accordingly, he obtained a map of the world. He could not think of anywhere else to go, so decided that the world was as good as anywhere.

Tom studied the map carefully and was delighted to notice a small island with sea round it. Actually, if he had not been holding the map upside down he might never have noticed the place at all.

At first he thought the island was named "Corkscrew Island", but, upon using a magnifying glass, he saw that it was actually "Crusoe Island".

Tom hired a motor-boat, then he set his watch, set his course, set his teeth and set sail. So you see that he was all set.

Weeks went by, and so did a lot of sea, and Tom was beginning to fancy a bit of dinner when he sighted the island he was seeking. How happy he was.

He had read that when Robinson Crusoe landed here there had been a sandy cove to run into, but Tom wasn't so lucky. He ran into some rocks instead. Fortunately, no harm was done to Tom, the boat, or the rocks.

With the aid of a bucket, Tom partook of a hearty meal of fourteen sand pies, and was about to build himself a sand castle to live in when he noticed a hut among the trees.

It was the hut in which Robinson Crusoe had lived! The very thing! Tom Arto was the first Englishman to set foot upon the island since Crusoe had left.

Entering the hut, Tom saw a faded piece of paper on the age-old table. It was a shopping

As he entered a clearing, he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd of natives. They seemed friendly, and Tom soon discovered that they were Friday's relations, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Monday wasn't feeling very well; he had that Monday feeling, and they were afraid that, should he take his leave, too, they would soon be having a five-day week.

They made Tom welcome, and even tried to sell him a dozen of Friday's footprints as souvenirs.

Thursday kept dashing down to the beach and swallowing each tide as it came in. They called him Thirsty Thursday.

As it was dinner-time, they asked Tom if he would care to stay... but when he saw the size of the cooking pot and the natives busily writing his name on various menu cards, he declined and sped back to the safety of his hut as if his life were at stake... which it was.

Later, when all was quiet, Tom wandered along

TOM SAW A SIGN OF TROUBLE



the beach, and soon his eye caught something shining. At first he thought it might be a traffic light, but, upon looking more closely, he found it to be a bottle. Inside, Tom noticed a message. It said:

"S.O.S! (This is not short for Sossij-it means Get Cracking!) We are stuck in mid-ocean. We need by compass. The compass is broken, so we can't steer at all and we are stuck in one spot. Help!"

Tom did not hesitate. He got out his boat and went full speed towards the stuck ship.

Arriving there, he went aboard.

"Why don't you steer by the stars?" he asked the master of the vessel.

"Because the crew fight each other all day," replied the captain. "They see so many stars after the punch-up that if we tried to steer by 'em we would be in sixteen places at once."

Returning to his own boat, Tom looked at his railway timetable and found out where America was. He headed in that direction.

In America he had difficulties. Although he asked cops, newsboys, cabbies, and everybody he met, nobody had a compass. An artist had some canvas, a gardener had some compost, but a compass—no!

Nothing daunted, Tom soon found himself among the cowboys on the prairie. It was then that Tom's magnificent brain found the perfect solution. He interviewed the sheriff.

"Are you a cowpuncher?" asked the sheriff.

"No. I'm a bargain striker," replied Tom in a casual manner.

"You'd rather strike a bargain than punch a cow?" queried the sheriff.

"Sure thing," said Tom.

He produced a wad of banknotes and was soon on his way back to the stranded ship. He was accompanied by a large animal.

"What's that?" asked the captain when Tom arrived with his prize.

"A steer," said Tom. "The biggest steer in the world. You need no compass now! The steer will steer."

It was true. The ship moved off and in forty-five minutes was sailing into Wolverhampton. It was fantastic—our Tom had plenty to beef about.

Would you believe it? You don't? Well, no-one will blame you!

(More fun with Tom Arto in the next issue of "Buster and Giggle"! On sale this coming Saturday!



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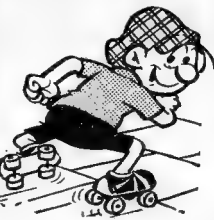
DO YOU KNOW:-

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2. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
3. Name any country which has issued TRIANGULAR stamps?
4. What country issues special CHRISTMAS stamps?

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HEY! GET YOUR SKATES ON, PALS!



There's an ever increasing demand for my popular fun-paper, chums! So make sure of your copy by placing a regular order with your newsagent for...

BUSTER
and Giggle 74

AN ISLAND WITH SEA ROUND IT

list the famous castaway had written out while waiting to be rescued. How foolish of him to leave without it.

Pinning a note of his own on the door saying "Not to be Disturbed", Tom borrowed a mistress off the sea-bed and, noticing a blanket of fog, he folded it up and slept underneath.

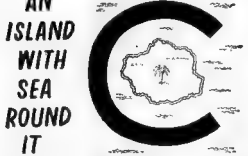
Hours later, he awoke to hear two birds singing outside the window. Tom threw them each a crumb of comfort and swallowed a photograph of an egg for his own breakfast.

Tom went outside to get some coconuts for dinner, if there was such a thing as a coconut shy about.

The sun was in the sky. Tom was not surprised; that's where it usually was.

Tom knew that the weeks would be short on the island, being of six days duration instead of the usual seven; this being due to the fact that when Robinson Crusoe returned to England, Friday also left. Ha, ha! That's a good one!

He wandered on through the undergrowth, always on his guard, in case he saw a sign of trouble, and he did.



AN ACTION-PACKED, COLOURFUL NEW ADVENTURE OF THE PIRATE BOLD!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER BOASTED THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE WHO EVER SAILED THE CARIBBEAN SEA. ONE FINE MORNING, HIS SCHOONER "FIREBRAND" INTERCEPTED A PARTICULARLY FINE GALLEON, AND CLOSED WITH HER. TRIUMPHANT, HOOKER AND HIS CREW SWARMED ABOARD THEIR PREY...

PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS AT HIS SWASHBUCKLING BEST...



"TIS A SPIRITED FIGHT YOU'VE PUT UP, BUT YOU MAY AS WELL GIVE IN, YOU SWABS! I AM PATCH-EYE HOOKER... AND NO MAN STANDS AGAINST ME!

CABIN BOY WILL BARBER JOINED THE FIGHT...



"AAARGH! HELP ME!"

"I'M COMING, NED!"

BUT IN HIS HASTE, WILL HAD RUSHED INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN HE COULD HANDLE...



"VEEARGGH!"

"TAKE THAT, YOU YOUNG IMP!"

"OOPH!"

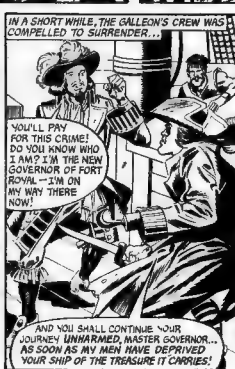
ONLY PATCH-EYE'S SWIFT INTERVENTION SAVED WILL...



"THIS HOOKER—HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! FALL BACK!"

"AVAST THERE, YOUNG WILL! WE CAN'T HAVE YOU TUMBLING INTO THE HOLD!"

IN A SHORT WHILE, THE GALLEON'S CREW WAS COMPELLED TO SURRENDER...



"YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS CRIME! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'M THE NEW GOVERNOR OF PORT ROYAL—I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW!"

"AND YOU SHALL CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY UNHARMED, MASTER GOVERNOR... AS SOON AS MY MEN HAVE DEPRIVED YOUR SHIP OF THE TREASURE IT CARRIES!"

ONE THING MORE—MY BREECHES HAVE SUFFERED IN THE FIGHT! YOURS LOOK AS IF THEY WOULD FIT ME WELL ENOUGH! SO TAKE 'EM OFF AN' 'EM OVER!"



"BAH—THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!"

AND SO IT WAS THAT THE NEW GOVERNOR ARRIVED IN FORT ROYAL MINUS HIS TREASURE AND HIS BECKONES! HIS ONLY GAIN WAS ONE PRISONER—THE PIRATE WILL HAD FAILED TO SAVE FROM FALLING DOWN THE HATCH...

I WANT THAT BLACK-HEARTED ROGUE HOOKER BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! SEND OUR MOST POWERFUL MAN-OF-WAR AFTER HIM!

BUT, EXCELLENCY—WE HAVE SOUGHT HIM FOR A LONG TIME! UNFORTUNATELY, HE HAS A SECRET ISLAND HIDE-OUT TO WHICH HE WITHDRAWS!

IT WAS NIGHT BY THE TIME HOOKER REACHED HIS ISLAND HIDE-OUT...

WE'RE GOING ON, ME HEARTIES, TO HIDE THE TREASURE IN A SECRET PLACE! BUT I'M PUTTING YOU ASHORE, LAD, SO THAT YOU CAN GET YOUR WOUNDED HEAD SEEN TO! DOUBTLESS YOUR ALCHEMIST FRIEND, TOBIAS FLAGON, WILL HAVE SOME SUITABLE MYSTIC OINTMENT!



NATURALLY, I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, SO I HAVE PREPARED A SECOND ROCKET FOR YOUR USE!



N-NOT TONIGHT! MY HEAD IS SORELY BRUISED! PLEASE LET US WAIT UNTIL SOME OTHER TIME WHEN MY HURTS ARE MENDED!

ASHORE, WILL HURRIED TOWARDS THE CAVE HE SHARED WITH THE ECCENTRIC HERMIT AND INVENTOR...

TOBIAS... WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE, MASTER WILL! YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME! COME!



THIS MAN KNOWS THE SECRET. HELL TELL US WHERE TO LAY HANDS ON HOOKER!



MERCY! IF YOU FORCE ME TO BETRAY PATCH-EYE MY LIFE WILL BE WORTHLESS!

IT'LL BE WORTHLESS IF YOU DON'T, FOR I'LL MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO SEE THAT YOU PERISH WITHIN HOURS!



T-THEN I HAVE NO CHOICE! YOU FORCE ME TO SPEAK!

SECONDS LATER, WILL WAS TAKEN ABACK BY AN AMAZING SIGHT...



YOU MAY WELL LOOK ASTONISHED, MASTER BARBER! THIS IS MY GREATEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT! I HAVE INVENTED A WAY TO FLY TO THE MOON!

THE M-MOON!

WILL DID AS HE WAS ASKED...

T-TOBIAS, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?



HOW OFTEN MUST I INSTRUCT YOU, LAD, THAT A MAN OF SCIENCE MUST BE BOLD! AND TAKE RISKS? MY THINKS THIS WILL BE MY FINEST HOUR!

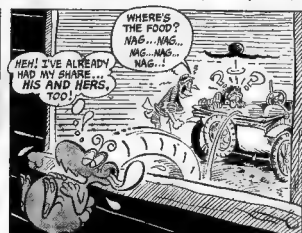
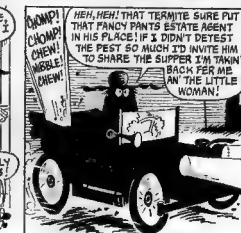
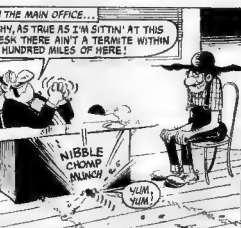
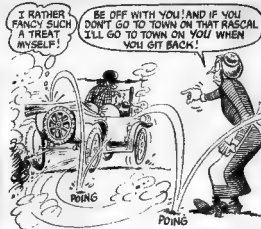
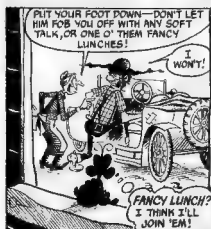
BUT IT **MUST** BE TONIGHT, WHEN THE MOON IS AT ITS FULLEST! TOMORROW IT WILL BEGIN TO GROW SMALLER AGAIN. 'TWOULD BE A CATASTROPHE WERE I TO MISS THE TARGET! I MUST VOYAGE ALONE, SO OBLIGE ME BY TAKING A BRAND FROM THE FIRE AND IGNITING THE FUSE!

DESTINATION MOON—BUT IS IT POSSIBLE? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

CRUNCHER EVEN EATS AN ESTATE AGENT OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME !

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



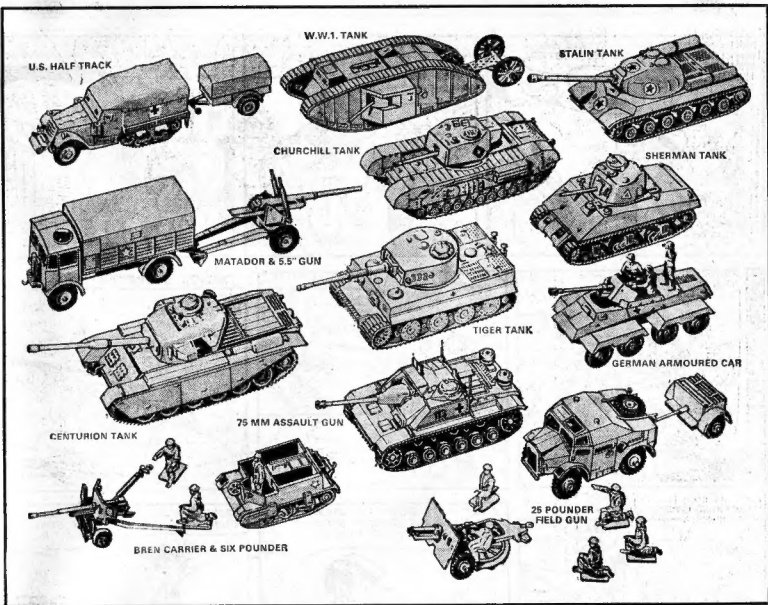
NO WAITING A WEEK FOR MORE FUN WITH CRUNCHER—THE NEXT ISSUE IS ON SALE SATURDAY !



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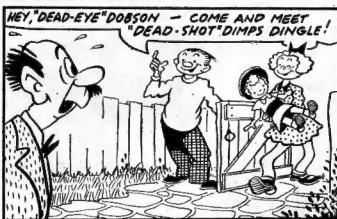
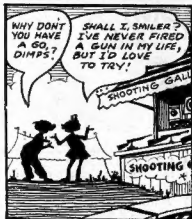
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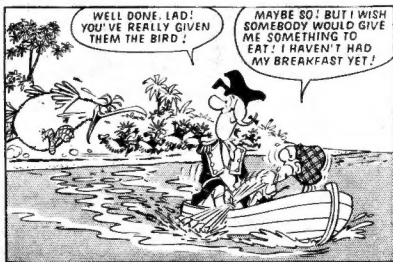
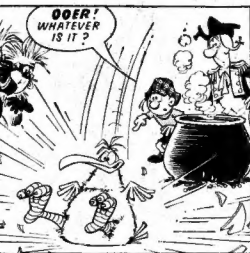
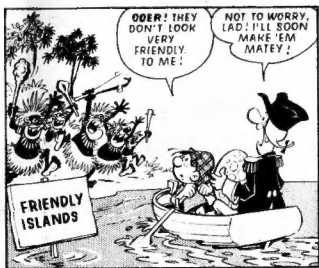
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